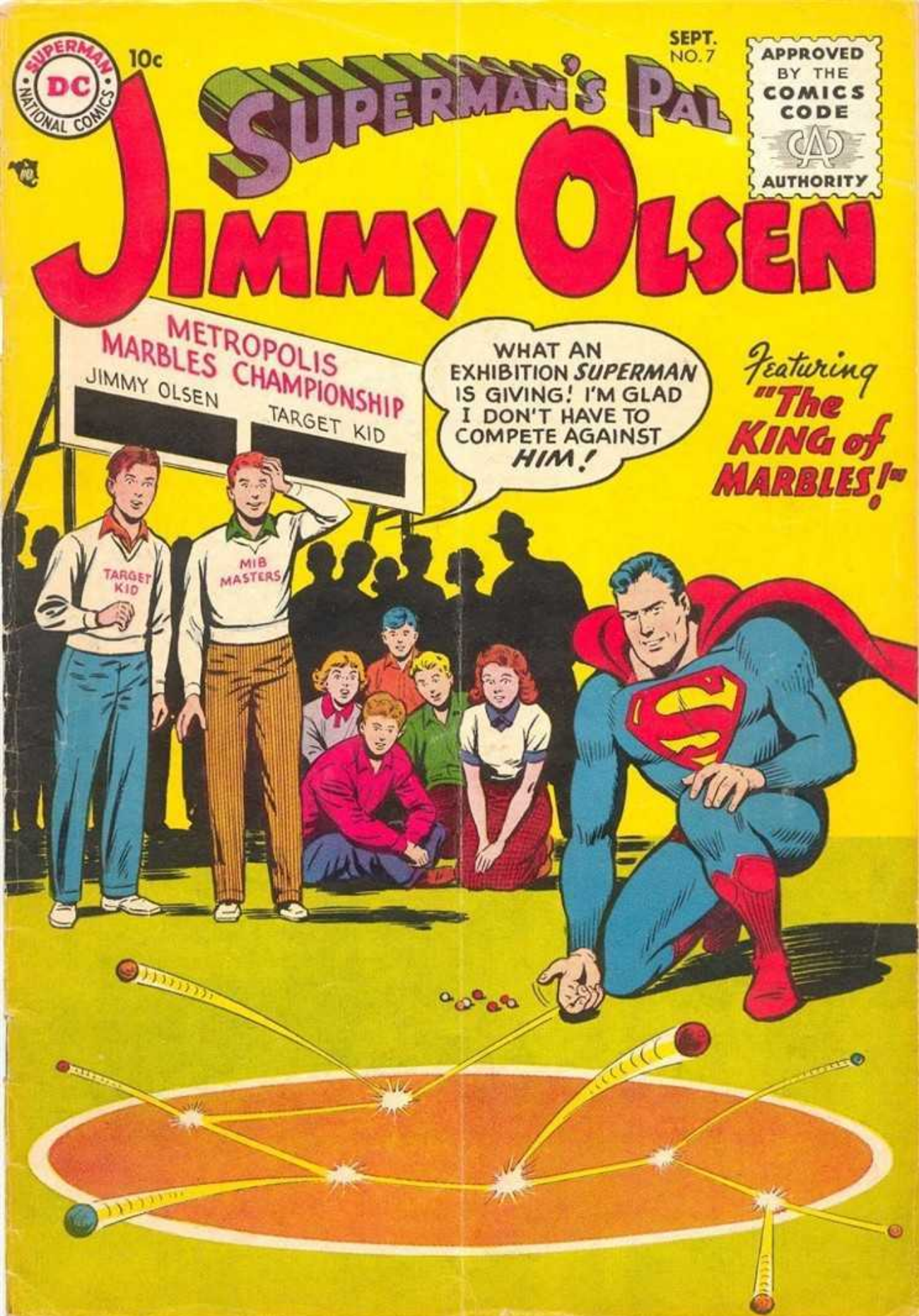
SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS
10c
SEPT.
NO. 7
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
METROPOLIS MARBLES CHAMPIONSHIP
JIMMY OLSEN
TARGET KID
WHAT AN EXHIBITION SUPERMAN IS GIVING! I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO COMPETE AGAINST HIM!
Featuring "The KING of MARBLES!"
TARGET KID
MIB MASTERS

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SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

FORTUNE HUNTERS SEEK NOT FOR GOLD THESE DAYS, BUT FOR URANIUM STRIKES... YET YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT THREE TEEN-AGE BOYS TO TACKLE A MAN'S JOB, BY JOINING THE URANIUM RUSH! TO SAVE THE HEADSTRONG JUVENILE PROSPECTORS FROM THEIR OWN FOOL-HARDY VENTURE, JIMMY OLSEN JOINS FORCES WITH **SUPERMAN**, TO CREATE...

THE AMAZING MIRAGES

YI-I-I! NOW WE--WE'RE RIDING A "CACTUS CAMEL"!

NAW! IT'S ONLY A **LOCO-WEED MIRAGE** AGAIN, FELLOWS!

THEY DON'T KNOW IT'S A **SUPER-MIRAGE** CAUSED BY **SUPERMAN** WHO'S INSIDE THE HOLLOW CACTUS!

EARLY ONE MORNING, IN METROPOLIS, AS THREE YOUNG ADVENTURERS RECEIVE A ROUSING SENDOFF...

THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD CHIPPED IN TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS GEIGER COUNTER, FELLOWS! GOOD LUCK... HOPE YOU FIND URANIUM!

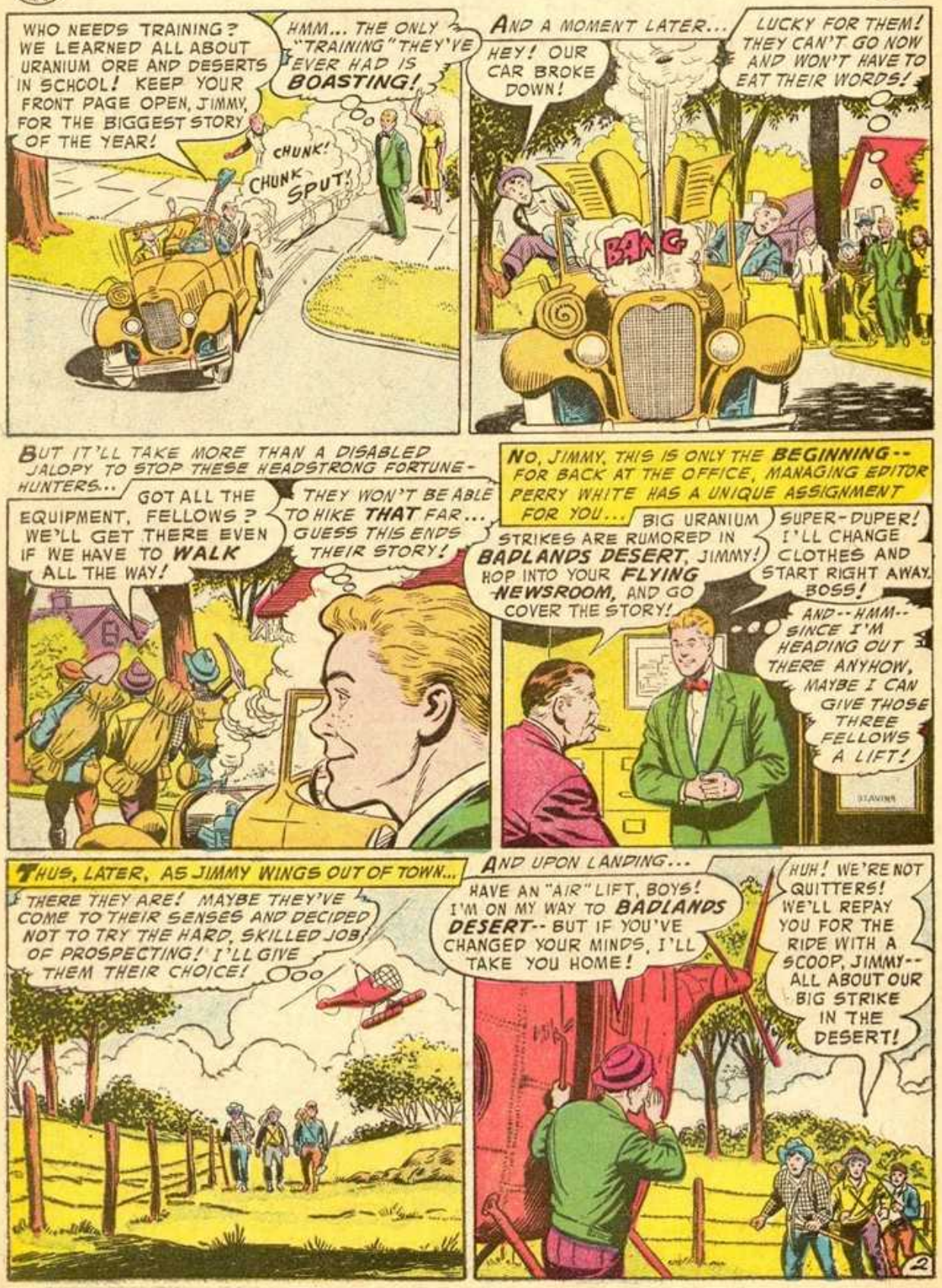
IT'LL BE A CINCH!

JIMMY OLSEN, CUB REPORTER FOR THE **DAILY PLANET**, IS ON HAND TO INTERVIEW THE TRIO...

WE'RE MICKEY TODD, HAL OTIS, AND TED BLAINE! WE HAVE OUR PARENTS' CONSENT TO GO... WE'RE GOING TO STRIKE IT RICH IN **BADLANDS DESERT!**

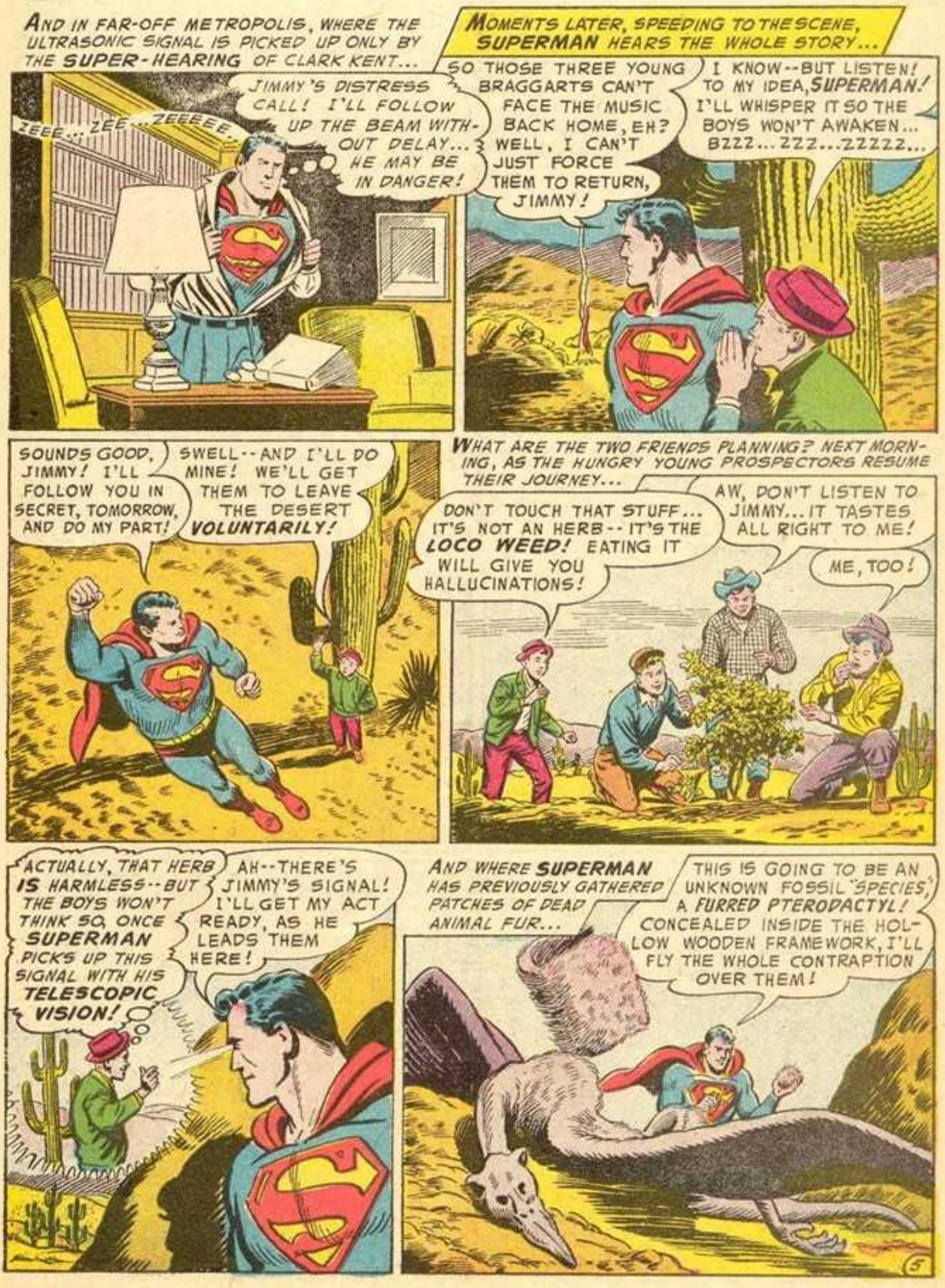
JEEPERS! BUT URANIUM PROSPECTING IS TOUGH WORK, EVEN FOR GROWN MEN!. HAVE YOU HAD ANY TRAINING?

SUPERMAN'S PAL, JIMMY OLSEN, No. 7, Sept., 1955 issue. Published monthly, with the exception of January, May, July and November by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., SECOND and DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, $1.50 in American funds. Entire contents copyrighted 1955 by National Comics Publications, Inc. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.


WHO NEEDS TRAINING? WE LEARNED ALL ABOUT URANIUM ORE AND DESERTS IN SCHOOL! KEEP YOUR FRONT PAGE OPEN, JIMMY, FOR THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR!
HMM... THE ONLY "TRAINING" THEY'VE EVER HAD IS BOASTING!
CHUNK!
CHUNK
SPUT!
AND A MOMENT LATER...
HEY! OUR CAR BROKE DOWN!
LUCKY FOR THEM! THEY CAN'T GO NOW AND WON'T HAVE TO EAT THEIR WORDS!
BANG
BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A DISABLED JALOPY TO STOP THESE HEADSTRONG FORTUNE-HUNTERS..
GOT ALL THE EQUIPMENT, FELLOWS? WE'LL GET THERE EVEN IF WE HAVE TO WALK ALL THE WAY!
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO HIKE THAT FAR... GUESS THIS ENDS THEIR STORY!
NO, JIMMY, THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING-- FOR BACK AT THE OFFICE, MANAGING EDITOR PERRY WHITE HAS A UNIQUE ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU...
BIG URANIUM STRIKES ARE RUMORED IN BADLANDS DESERT, JIMMY! HOP INTO YOUR FLYING NEWSROOM, AND GO COVER THE STORY!
SUPER-DUPER! I'LL CHANGE CLOTHES AND START RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!
AND--HMM-- SINCE I'M HEADING OUT THERE ANYHOW, MAYBE I CAN GIVE THOSE THREE FELLOWS A LIFT!
THUS, LATER, AS JIMMY WINGS OUT OF TOWN...
THERE THEY ARE! MAYBE THEY'VE COME TO THEIR SENSES AND DECIDED NOT TO TRY THE HARD, SKILLED JOB OF PROSPECTING! I'LL GIVE THEM THEIR CHOICE!
AND UPON LANDING...
HAVE AN "AIR" LIFT, BOYS! I'M ON MY WAY TO BADLANDS DESERT-- BUT IF YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MINDS, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!
HUH! WE'RE NOT QUITTERS! WE'LL REPAY YOU FOR THE RIDE WITH A SCOOP, JIMMY-- ALL ABOUT OUR BIG STRIKE IN THE DESERT!

SO WITHIN A FEW HOURS, AS THE HELICOPTER REACHES ITS DESTINATION...
LAND ANYWHERE, JIMMY! I'LL BET YOU CAN'T WALK A MILE WITHOUT FALLING OVER A HEAP OF URANIUM ORE!
I'LL PICK YOU UP TOMORROW! BY THE WAY, WHERE'S YOUR MAP AND COMPASS?
GOSH! WE FORGOT ABOUT THOSE! BUT... OH, WELL-- IT DOESN'T MATTER! WE WON'T HAVE TO TRAVEL VERY FAR FOR URANIUM!
OH BROTHER--WHAT TENDERFEET! I CAN'T JUST LET THEM WANDER IN THE DESERT... THEY'RE WHOLLY UNPREPARED FOR HARDSHIP OR DANGER!
HEY-- WAIT UP! MIND IF I JOIN YOU FOR THE... ER... SCOOP?
SURE, COME ALONG, JIMMY! WE'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK ON THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS... "THREE JUNIOR PROSPECTORS STAKE A DOZEN URANIUM CLAIMS"!
MANY MEN SPEND YEARS TO FIND ONE! IF THESE THREE BOASTFUL SCATTERBRAINS HIT PAY DIRT, I'LL EAT IT!
BUT AMAZINGLY, ONLY A SHORT WAYS BEYOND...
LISTEN! THE GEIGER COUNTER'S REGISTERING RADIOACTIVITY!
YAYYY! WE STRUCK IT RICH ALREADY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY TO THAT, JIMMY?
KLIK-KLIK-KLIK-
KLIK-
KLIK...
???
?
WHAT JIMMY HAS TO SAY, AFTER A MOMENT'S INVESTIGATION, TAKES THE WIND RIGHT OUT OF THEIR SAILS...
YOU ONLY "DISCOVERED" THE RADIUM PAINT WHICH MAKES YOUR WRISTWATCH DIAL GLOW AT NIGHT, MICKEY! RADIUM, YOU SEE, GIVES OFF THE SAME RAYS AS URANIUM!
OH--THEN I'LL... UH... TAKE IT OFF! BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'LL FIND URANIUM SOON!
GEIGER COUNTER
3

AND A LITTLE LATER, THE JUVENILE PROSPECTORS AGAIN GROW OVER-ANXIOUS, AS...
LISTEN TO THAT NOISE BEHIND THE ROCK... IT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!
STOP, MICKEY! THAT'S THE SOUND OF A POISONOUS RATTLESNAKE!
RATTLE... RATTLE... HISS..
SOON, THE DESERT STARTS TAKING ITS TOLL IN OTHER WAYS...
HOT SUN... NO SHADE... THIRSTY! AND WE--WE DIDN'T BRING ALONG ENOUGH WATER!
LOOK! COOL WATER RIGHT OVER THERE!
DON'T TRY TO "DRINK"-- CAN'T YOU SEE HOW UNREAL IT LOOKS?
OHH... A MIRAGE! WHY DID WE EVER COME? WE NEVER KNEW IT WOULD BE THIS TOUGH!
BY THE DAY'S WEARY END, THREE DISILLUSIONED YOUNGSTERS PITCH CAMP...
OH GOLLY! SAND IN ALL OF OUR FOOD TOO! =CRUNCH=
MY POOR ACHING FEET!
COYOTES HOWLING! I--I WISH I WAS BACK HOME!
YOWLLLLLL!
NOW THEY KNOW PROSPECTING ISN'T A SCHOOLBOY'S LARK! MAYBE THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH...
READY TO FLY BACK HOME TOMORROW, BOYS?
NO--WE'RE NOT QUITTERS! BESIDES, OUR FRIENDS WOULD LAUGH AT US, AFTER ALL OUR BIG TALK! WE--WE CAN'T FACE THAT!
LATER, AS THE TIRED BOYS SLEEP, JIMMY PONDERS THE BAFFLING SITUATION--AND FINALLY REACHES A DECISION...
I CAN'T LET THEM WANDER ON INTO MORE DANGER! ONLY ONE THING TO DO... CALL FOR HELP WITH MY SECRET SUPERMAN SIGNAL!
ZEEE... ZEE... ZEEEEEEE...
4


AND IN FAR-OFF METROPOLIS, WHERE THE ULTRASONIC SIGNAL IS PICKED UP ONLY BY THE SUPER-HEARING OF CLARK KENT...
ZEEE... ZEE... ZEEEEE...
JIMMY'S DISTRESS CALL! I'LL FOLLOW UP THE BEAM WITHOUT DELAY... HE MAY BE IN DANGER!
MOMENTS LATER, SPEEDING TO THE SCENE, SUPERMAN HEARS THE WHOLE STORY...
SO THOSE THREE YOUNG BRAGGARTS CAN'T FACE THE MUSIC BACK HOME, EH? WELL, I CAN'T JUST FORCE THEM TO RETURN, JIMMY!
I KNOW--BUT LISTEN! TO MY IDEA, SUPERMAN! I'LL WHISPER IT SO THE BOYS WON'T AWAKEN... BZZZ... ZZZ... ZZZZZ...
SOUNDS GOOD, JIMMY! I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN SECRET, TOMORROW, AND DO MY PART!
SWELL--AND I'LL DO MINE! WE'LL GET THEM TO LEAVE THE DESERT VOLUNTARILY!
WHAT ARE THE TWO FRIENDS PLANNING? NEXT MORNING, AS THE HUNGRY YOUNG PROSPECTORS RESUME THEIR JOURNEY...
DON'T TOUCH THAT STUFF... IT'S NOT AN HERB--IT'S THE LOCO WEED! EATING IT WILL GIVE YOU HALLUCINATIONS!
AW, DON'T LISTEN TO JIMMY... IT TASTES ALL RIGHT TO ME!
ME, TOO!
ACTUALLY, THAT HERB IS HARMLESS--BUT THE BOYS WON'T THINK SO, ONCE SUPERMAN PICKS UP THIS SIGNAL WITH HIS TELESCOPIC VISION!
AH--THERE'S JIMMY'S SIGNAL! I'LL GET MY ACT READY, AS HE LEADS THEM HERE!
AND WHERE SUPERMAN HAS PREVIOUSLY GATHERED PATCHES OF DEAD ANIMAL FUR...
THIS IS GOING TO BE AN UNKNOWN FOSSIL SPECIES, A FURRED PTERODACTYL! CONCEALED INSIDE THE HOLLOW WOODEN FRAMEWORK, I'LL FLY THE WHOLE CONTRAPTION OVER THEM!
5

MINUTES LATER, AS THE STRANGE "CREATURE" SWOOPS OVER THE BOYS...
YIPES! WH-WHAT'S THAT?
A... A PRE-HISTORIC WINGED MONSTER, STILL ALIVE HERE!
HELP--RUN!
CALM DOWN, FELLOWS! WHAT MONSTER ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
JIMMY... YOU--MEAN, YOU DON'T SEE ANYTHING?
OF COURSE NOT--AND NEITHER DID YOU! IT'S THAT LOCO WEED YOU ATE, GIVING YOU HALLUCINATIONS! DIDN'T I WARN YOU?
I--I STILL SEE IT, FLYING AWAY! GOSH, WHAT A CRAZY DELUSION!
IT'S WORKING! A FEW MORE OF SUCH "MIRAGES," AND THESE FELLOWS WILL BE DYING TO GO HOME, NO MATTER WHAT HUMILIATION AWAITS THEM! SUPERMAN'S DOING A SWELL JOB!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
JIMMY! D-DO YOU SEE THAT CACTUS MOVING?
THAT ONE?... HOW SILLY! CACTUS TREES CAN'T UPROOT THEMSELVES, CAN THEY? I SUPPOSE NEXT YOU'LL TELL ME IT'S DANCING?
OMIGOSH! IT IS DANCING NOW, JIMMY!
I HOLLOWED OUT THE WEIRDEST CACTUS I COULD FIND! TAKING JIMMY'S CUE, I'LL GIVE THEM THE "CACTUS MAMBO"!
6

THEN, AS SUPERMAN STANDS RIGID INSIDE THE CACTUS...
YOU SAY THIS CACTUS DANCED? THEN HOW COME I CAN'T MOVE IT AN INCH? IT'S ROOTED FAST! YOUR DELUSIONS ARE GETTING WORSE...READY TO GO HOME YET?
N-NO! IT WOULD BE STILL WORSE GETTING THE HORSE LAUGH BACK HOME!
WHILE UP AHEAD...
THEY NEED A SUPER-SCARE, YET ONE THAT'S COMPLETELY HARMLESS. THIS TYPE OF THICK CACTUS SAP HARDENS INTO LATEX--A CRUDE FORM OF RUBBER--WHICH I'LL WEAVE INTO A FORMATION OF GIANT "SPIDER" WEBS!
NOW FOR A BIT OF SUPER-BREATH TO MAKE THE BOYS "STUMBLE" INTO THE FIRST ONE!
HELP! A GIANT WEB!
WEBS? WHERE? YOU FELLOWS ARE JUST HAVING ANOTHER LOCO WEED HALLUCINATION, THAT'S ALL!
EEAAA! IT'S SO VIVID, WE FEEL LIKE WE'RE BOUNCING ALL OVER!
AND SO, WITHIN A FEW SHORT MINUTES...
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH! TAKE US HOME, JIMMY--PLEASE! ANYTHING IS BETTER THAN THESE DELUSIONS!
IT WORKED--SCARING THEM INTO RETURNING, EVEN IF THEY HAVE TO ADMIT THEY BIT OFF MORE THAN THEY COULD CHEW!
FINALLY, BACK HOME...
COME ON--WE CAN SNEAK HOME SO NOBODY WILL LAUGH AT US!
NO--THAT WON'T HELP, BOYS! ADMIT YOUR MISTAKE MANFULLY... YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT THE RESULTS!

SQUARING THEIR SHOULDERS, THE BOYS ACT ON JIMMY'S ADVICE...

LISTEN, EVERYBODY-- WE DIDN'T FIND URANIUM!

WE WERE JUST LOUD-MOUTHS-- NOW WE KNOW IT!

WE LEARNED THAT BOASTING DOESN'T PAY! WELL... GO AHEAD AND LAUGH AT US!

HUH--? NOBODY'S LAUGHING?

WHY SHOULD WE? WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, BOYS, AND IT TAKES REAL COURAGE TO ADMIT THEM! WE'RE PROUD OF YOU!

AND AFTER JIMMY EXPLAINS THE SUPERMAN "DELUSIONS"...

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT ANGRY AT OUR TRICKS!

I SHOULD SAY NOT, JIMMY! THEY WEREN'T HALF AS BAD AS THE WAY WE "TRICKED" OURSELVES WITH OUR SILLY BRAGGING! WE'RE SORRY WE WASTED YOUR TIME, GIVING YOU NO SCOOP AT ALL!

BUT THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE DAILY PLANET PROVES OTHERWISE...

THAT'S MORE VALUABLE THAN ANY URANIUM STRIKE--AND ALWAYS A SUPER "SCOOP"!

DAILY PLANET 5¢

WEATHER FAIR AND MILDER

BOYS MAKE BIG "STRIKE"-- FIND THE TRUTH PAYS OFF

THE END.

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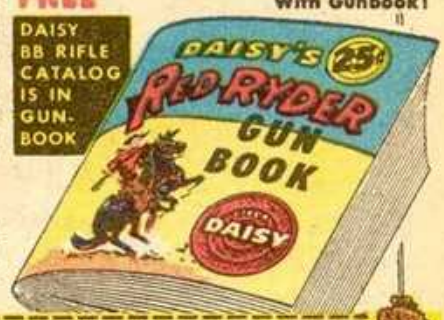

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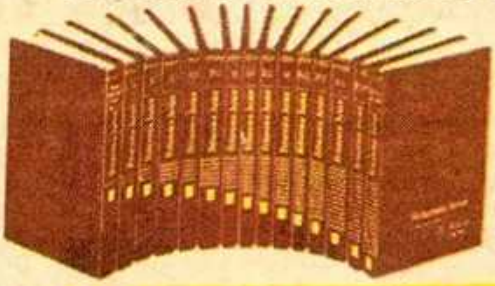

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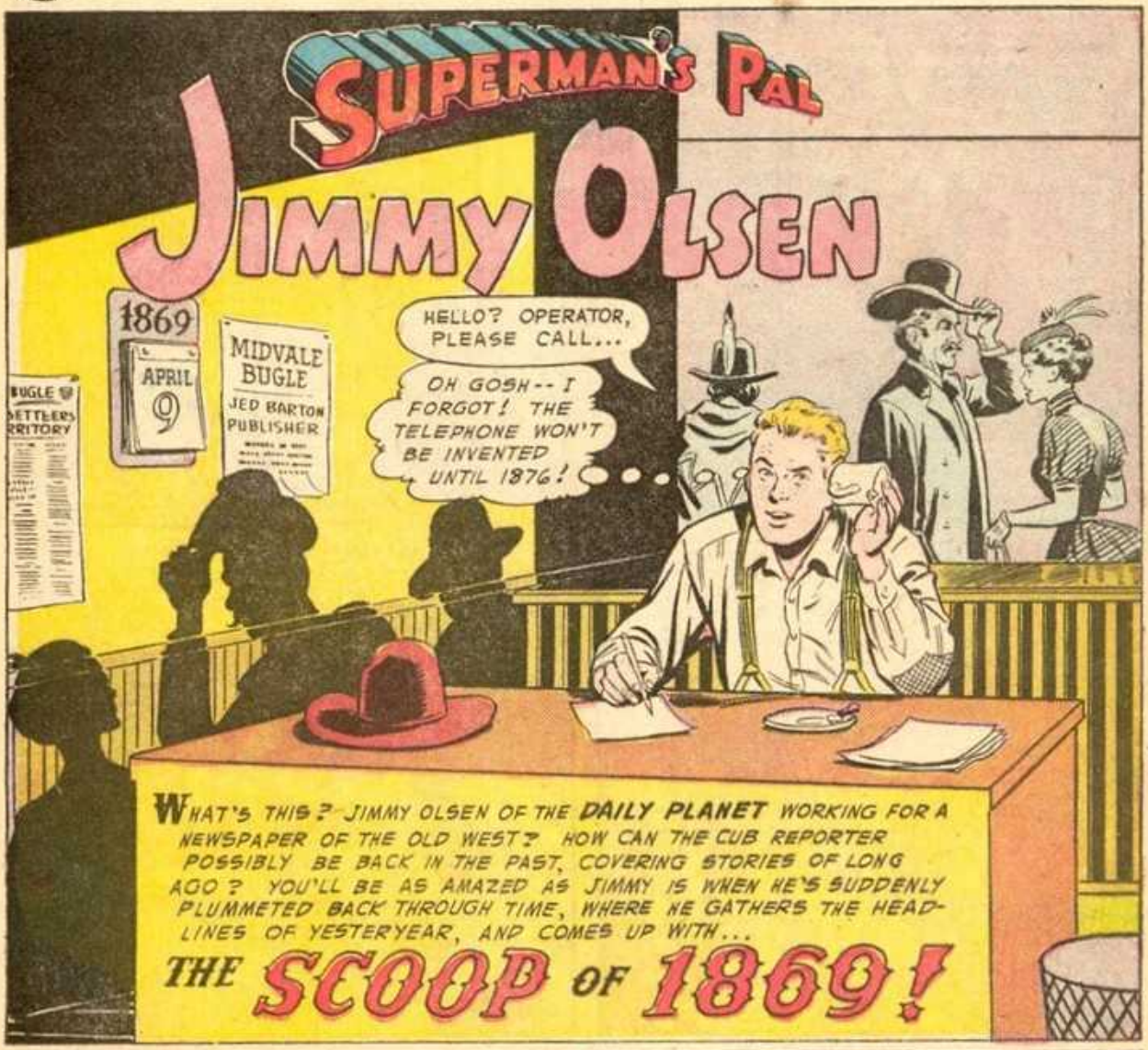
VARSITY VIC
PARDON ME, YOUNG MAN!
I SEE YOU'VE WON YOUR LETTER! GOOD FOR YOU - IT'S A PROUD THING TO WEAR! WHY, IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY --
I WAS ON THE SCHOOL'S FOOTBALL, BASEBALL AND HOCKEY TEAMS! YESSIR - WE OLD ALUMNI NEVER FORGET!
GIVE THE YOUNG MAN ALL HE WANTS! HE'S A HERO!
GOSH, MISTER, THANKS - BUT THREE SODAS ARE ENOUGH!
HMM - I SHOULD WEAR MY BROTHER'S SWEATER MORE OFTEN!
THE END

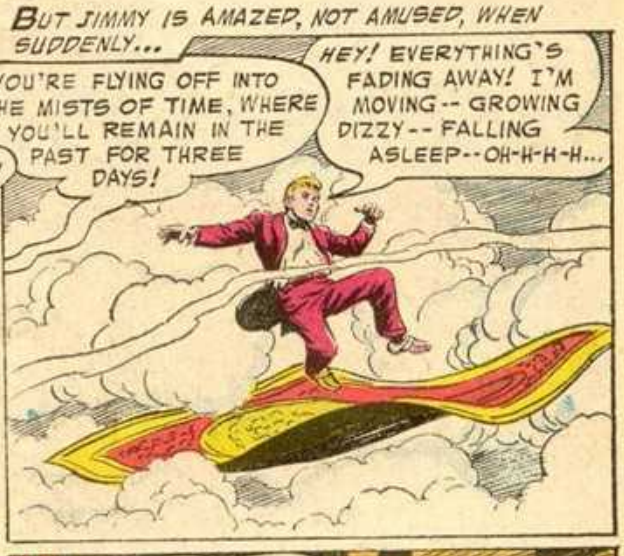

SUPERMAN'S PAL
JIMMY OLSEN
1869
APRIL 9
MIDVALE BUGLE
JED BARTON PUBLISHER
HELLO? OPERATOR, PLEASE CALL...
OH GOSH -- I FORGOT! THE TELEPHONE WON'T BE INVENTED UNTIL 1876!...
WHAT'S THIS? JIMMY OLSEN OF THE DAILY PLANET WORKING FOR A NEWSPAPER OF THE OLD WEST? HOW CAN THE CUB REPORTER POSSIBLY BE BACK IN THE PAST, COVERING STORIES OF LONG AGO? YOU'LL BE AS AMAZED AS JIMMY IS WHEN HE'S SUDDENLY PLUMMETED BACK THROUGH TIME, WHERE HE GATHERS THE HEADLINES OF YESTERYEAR, AND COMES UP WITH...
THE SCOOP OF 1869!

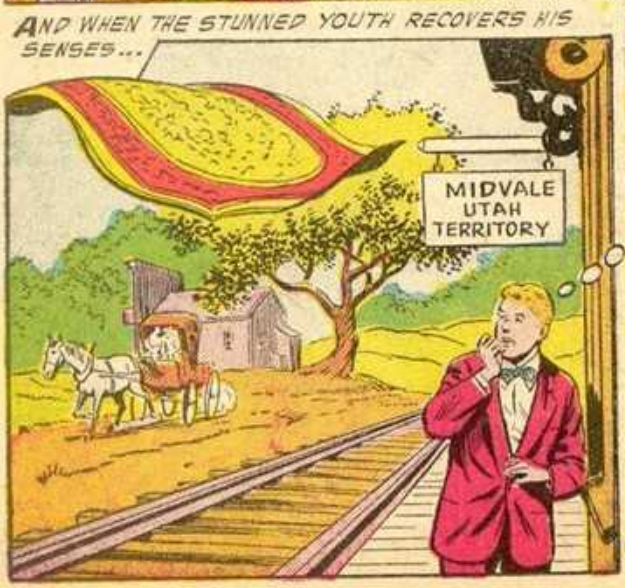
AT THE ENTRANCE TO A FAMOUS OLD ORGANIZATION, ONE MORNING, CUB REPORTER JIMMY OLSEN HEARS THE MOST THRILLING NEWS OF HIS LIFE...
YES, JIMMY, SUPERMAN RECOMMENDED YOU FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THIS CLUB OF OUTSTANDING NEWSMEN, PAST AND PRESENT!
GOSH -- I SURE HOPE I CAN MAKE THE GRADE, CLARK!
INK ACES CLUB
NEWSPAPER REPORTERS
FOUNDED 1843
AND INSIDE...
GET THE NEWS OR BUST!
YOU HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF BECOMING A MEMBER, JIMMY! WE'RE CHECKING YOUR RECORD NOW, TO SEE IF YOU HAVE FULFILLED OUR MOTTO! THE STANDARDS ARE HIGH -- I'LL SHOW YOU!
CUB REPORTER NABS CROOK!
JIMMY OLSEN AVERTS DISASTER

YOU SEE, ALL OUR MEMBERS DISPLAYED GREAT DARING AND COURAGE IN GATHERING FAMOUS SCOOPS!
HALL OF SCOOPS
1870
GOLLY! I--I'M NOT SURE I RATE WITH THEM!

WELL, IT WON'T TAKE LONG TO FIND OUT, JIMMY. BY THE WAY, I EXPECT TO BE BUSY ALL MORNING--SO WILL YOU INTERVIEW THIS INVENTOR FOR ME? CLAIMS HE PERFECTED SOME SORT OF "TIME CARPET"!
HA, HA... SOUNDS LIKE A REAL CRACKPOT! SURE, CLARK... I'LL TAKE THAT ASSIGNMENT OFF YOUR HANDS--JUST FOR THE LAUGHS!

BUT IT'S NO LAUGHING TO THE SCIENTIST WHO JIMMY VISITS, SOME TIME LATER...
SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE MY TIME CARPET WORKS, EH? VERY WELL... I'LL SET MY DIALS FOR SOME YEAR AND PLACE! YOU CAN VISIT THE PAST YOURSELF--IF YOU DARE!
HA, HA-- I'LL HUMOR HIM ALONG...
ER--SURE... I'D LOVE TO PROFESSOR!
YEAR
PLACE
1869
MIDVALE UTAH TERRITORY


BUT JIMMY IS AMAZED, NOT AMUSED, WHEN SUDDENLY...
YOU'RE FLYING OFF INTO THE MISTS OF TIME, WHERE YOU'LL REMAIN IN THE PAST FOR THREE DAYS!
HEY! EVERYTHING'S FADING AWAY! I'M MOVING--GROWING DIZZY--FALLING ASLEEP--OH-H-H-H...


AND WHEN THE STUNNED YOUTH RECOVERS HIS SENSES...
MIDVALE UTAH TERRITORY

GULP! WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO METROPOLIS? W-WAS I REALLY WHISKED INTO THE PAST?... TO SOME OLD FRONTIER TOWN OF 1869?
A MESSAGE IS COMING IN ABOUT OUR PRESIDENT--ULYSSES S. GRANT...
1869
8
2

PRESIDENT GRANT? THEN THE TIME CARPET DID WORK-- AND I'M STRANDED HERE FOR THREE DAYS! I'D BETTER SLIP OUT OF SIGHT, BEFORE MY STRANGE CLOTHES GET ME IN TROUBLE!

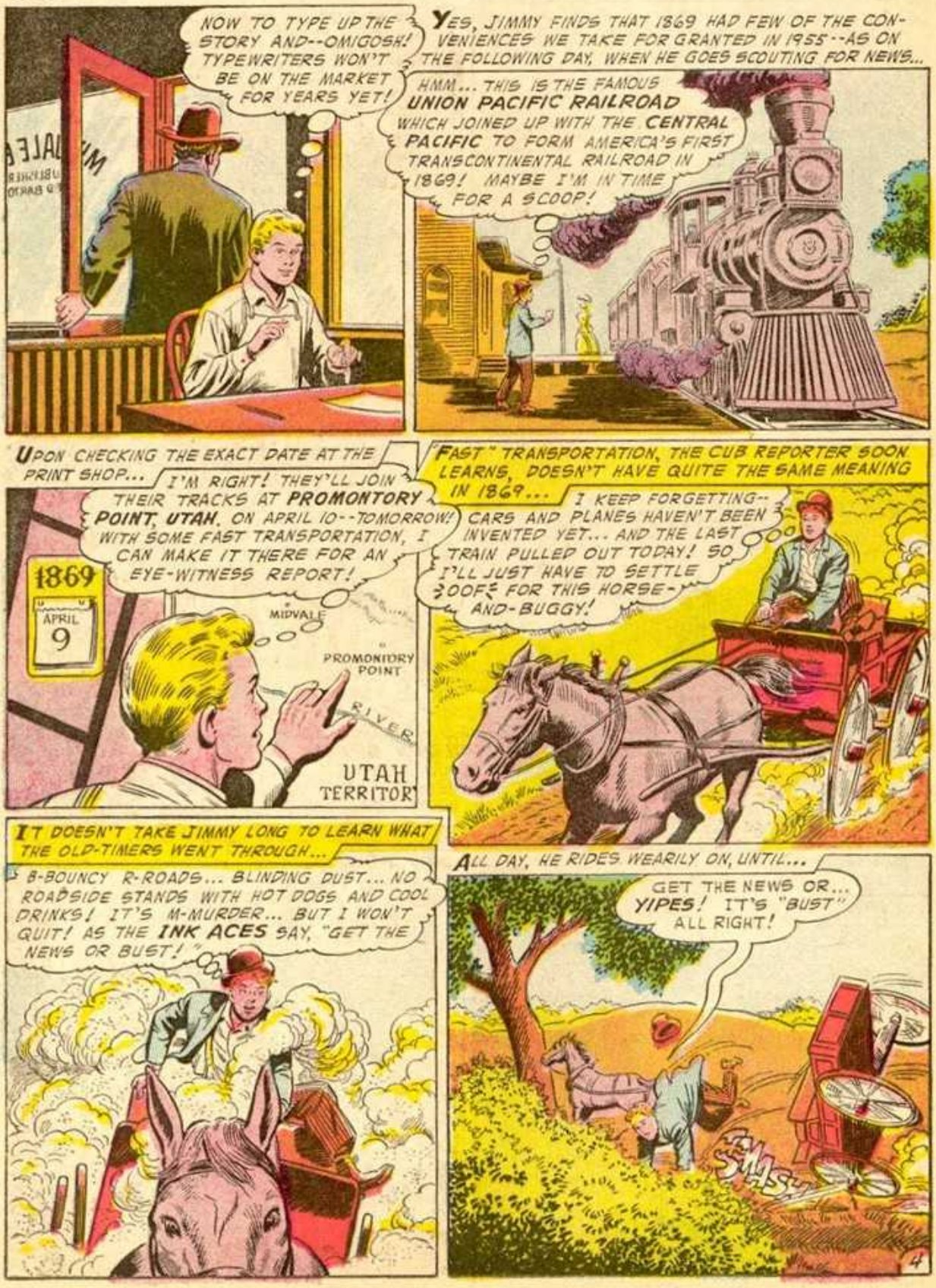
MINUTES LATER, IN A DESERTED ALLEYWAY...
WHAT A BREAK, FINDING THESE OLD CLOTHES HERE! IT'S CERTAINLY EASIER DISGUISING MYSELF THAN TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO PEOPLE THAT I'M FROM THE FUTURE!

AND AFTERWARD, AS AN AMAZED JIMMY STROLLS THROUGH A TOWN OF YESTERYEAR...
WOW! THESE ARE THE REAL HORSE-AND-BUGGY DAYS... NOT A PAVED ROAD IN SIGHT! MY PROBLEM IS, WHAT CAN SOMEONE LIKE ME DO HERE DURING MY BRIEF STAY?
SALOON

AT THAT MOMENT, AS IF IN ANSWER TO JIMMY'S QUESTION...
YOU LOOK IN NEED OF DECENT CLOTHES, LAD! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO LEARN THE NEWSPAPER TRADE?
SURE, MR. BARTON!
WHAT LUCK! WITH MY DAILY PLANET EXPERIENCE, THIS JOB SHOULD BE A PUSHOVER!
HELP WANTED
PUBLISHER BARTON

A PUSHOVER? YOU'RE IN FOR A RUDE SHOCK, JIMMY...
SET THAT TYPE FIRST, SON!
BY HAND? WHERE'S HIS LINOTYPER? WAIT... NOW I REMEMBER... THE LINOTYPE MACHINE WASN'T INVENTED UNTIL 1885 -- 16 YEARS FROM NOW!

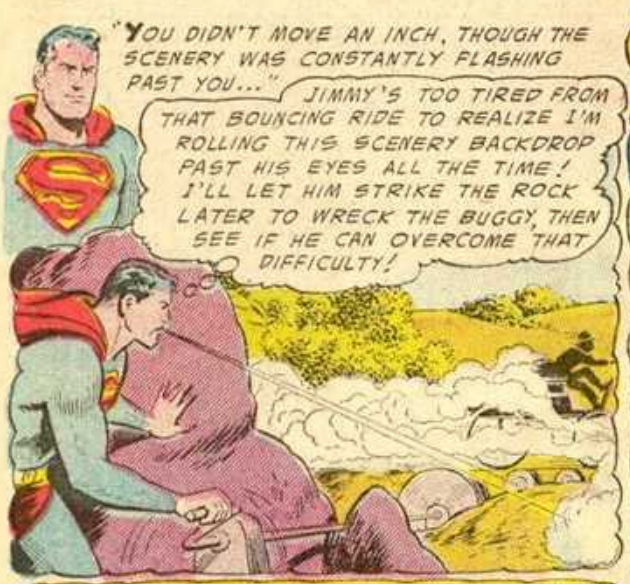
AND LATER, WHEN THE SHERIFF BRINGS IN A NEWS ITEM...
TELL YORE READERS I'LL BE GONE FOR A FEW DAYS, GUIDIN' A WAGON TRAIN O' NEW SETTLERS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS!
WOW! A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH WOULD BE A PERFECT TOP-OFF TO THIS STORY -- BUT WHO CARRIED CAMERAS ALONG WITH COVERED WAGONS? CAMERAS IN 1869 ARE RARE AND EXPENSIVE!
3


NOW TO TYPE UP THE STORY AND--OMIGOSH! TYPEWRITERS WON'T BE ON THE MARKET FOR YEARS YET!
YES, JIMMY FINDS THAT 1869 HAD FEW OF THE CONVENIENCES WE TAKE FOR GRANTED IN 1955--AS ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN HE GOES SCOUTING FOR NEWS...
HMM... THIS IS THE FAMOUS UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD WHICH JOINED UP WITH THE CENTRAL PACIFIC TO FORM AMERICA'S FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD IN 1869! MAYBE I'M IN TIME FOR A SCOOP!
UPON CHECKING THE EXACT DATE AT THE PRINT SHOP...
I'M RIGHT! THEY'LL JOIN THEIR TRACKS AT PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH, ON APRIL 10--TOMORROW! WITH SOME FAST TRANSPORTATION, I CAN MAKE IT THERE FOR AN EYE-WITNESS REPORT!
1869
APRIL 9
MIDVALE
PROMONTORY POINT
RIVER
UTAH TERRITORY
"FAST" TRANSPORTATION, THE CUB REPORTER SOON LEARNS, DOESN'T HAVE QUITE THE SAME MEANING IN 1869...
I KEEP FORGETTING--CARS AND PLANES HAVEN'T BEEN INVENTED YET... AND THE LAST TRAIN PULLED OUT TODAY! SO I'LL JUST HAVE TO SETTLE (OOF!) FOR THIS HORSE-AND-BUGGY!
IT DOESN'T TAKE JIMMY LONG TO LEARN WHAT THE OLD-TIMERS WENT THROUGH...
B-BOUNCY R-ROADS... BLINDING DUST... NO ROADSIDE STANDS WITH HOT DOGS AND COOL DRINKS! IT'S M-MURDER... BUT I WON'T QUIT! AS THE INK ACES SAY, "GET THE NEWS OR BUST!"
ALL DAY, HE RIDES WEARILY ON, UNTIL...
GET THE NEWS OR... YIPES! IT'S "BUST" ALL RIGHT!
SMASH
4

QUICKLY, THE RESOURCEFUL YOUTH SURMISES HIS SITUATION...
THE HORSE BROKE LOOSE AND KEPT GOING! ... WALKING WOULD BE TOO SLOW--BUT MAYBE I CAN USE THESE WHEELS FOR SOMETHING FASTER! LUCKILY, THE BUGGY CARRIED TOOLS AND SPARE PARTS!
WITHIN AN HOUR, HE COMES UP WITH A GREAT "NEW" INVENTION...
ONLY HIGH-WHEELED BICYCLES WERE USED UNTIL 1878. THIS LOW-WHEEL CHAIN-DRIVE ONE IS PROBABLY THE FIRST OF ITS KIND! BY RIDING ALL NIGHT, I SHOULD REACH MY DESTINATION IN TIME!
PROMONTORY POINT
THUS DOES JIMMY, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WITNESS ONE OF THE GREAT EVENTS OF AMERICAN HISTORY...
I'M SO WORN OUT, IT ALL LOOKS HAZY AND UNREAL TO ME! BUT THERE GOES THE GOLDEN SPIKE, JOINING 3,000 MILES OF TRACK ACROSS AMERICA, FROM THE EAST TO WEST COASTS! SUPER-DUPER!
MOMENTS LATER, IN A NEARBY RAILROAD STATION...
GOT TO RUSH THE SCOOP TO MY BOSS IN MIDVALE! AH, A TELEPHONE BOOTH!
WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT AM I SAYING? WHAT TELEPHONE? SOMEBODY KICK ME! ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL WON'T INVENT THE TELEPHONE UNTIL 1876--SEVEN YEARS FROM NOW! WELL--AT LEAST I CAN SEND A TELEGRAM!

BUT-- AS SO OFTEN HAPPENED IN THOSE DAYS...
SORRY-- THE TELEGRAPH LINES ARE DOWN, FROM A STORM!
OH NO! WITHOUT THE TELEGRAPH, PHONE OR RADIO, I'VE GOT TO BRING THE STORY BACK TO MIDVALE MYSELF! ANOTHER WILD TRIP (GROAN) TAKING ALL DAY AND NIGHT!
TELEGRAM
WHAT'S MORE, THE TIME CARPET IS DUE TO PICK ME UP AT MIDVALE TODAY, THE THIRD DAY OF MY VISIT IN THE PAST! I--I CAN'T POSSIBLY MAKE IT BACK IN TIME UNLESS--HMM... MAYBE THAT BALLOON'S THE ANSWER!
THRILLING BALLOON RIDES! SHORT FLIGHTS OVER TOWN $10.00
AFTER SWIFT ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE OWNER...
MY BOSS, MR. BARTON, WILL PAY HIM LATER! THERE'S A GOOD STIFF WIND BLOWING TOWARD MIDVALE... I'LL MAKE IT BEFORE DARK AFTER ALL!
BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AS HE APPROACHES HIS GOAL...
OH, OH... THE WIND'S SHIFTED AWAY FROM MIDVALE! I'LL LET SOME GAS OUT OF THE BAG AND LAND IN THOSE TREES!
AH... LIGHT AS A FEATHER!
I'M DEAD TIRED AFTER THIS SLEEPLESS, TWO-DAY MARATHON; BUT I'LL STILL MAKE IT TO MIDVALE IF I HAVE TO CRAWL ON MY KNEES! BRING IN THE NEWS OR BUST!
6

BUT THE BIGGEST SURPRISE IS YET TO COME -- FOR WHEN JIMMY FINALLY REACHES THE MIDVALE BUGLE...
STOP THE PRESSES, MR. BARTON! RIP OUT YOUR FRONT PAGE FOR THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR!
YOU MEAN THIS, JIMMY?
MIDVALE BUGLE 1869
UNION PACIFIC TRACKS JOIN AT PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH!
BUT -- BUT HOW COULD YOU GET THE NEWS IN ADVANCE, WITHOUT THE TELEGRAPH, PHONE OR RADIO? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE IN 1869!
RIGHT, JIMMY... BUT SUPPOSE THIS ISN'T THE YEAR 1869 -- AND MY NAME ISN'T BARTON!
WHY -- WHY, YOU'RE CAL CLAYTON OF THE INK ACE CLUB!
RIGHT AGAIN! AND MEET THE "CRACKPOT SCIENTIST" ANOTHER INK ACE! THE "MIST" AROUND HIS FAKE TIME CARPET WAS REALLY A MILD SLEEPING GAS -- AND THIS REPLICA OF AN 1869 TOWN WAS BUILT BY A CLOSE FRIEND OF YOURS!
SUPERMAN! Y-YOU MEAN, YOU PULLED THIS HOAX ON ME?
YES, JIMMY! I WAS MAKING THIS PERMANENT EXHIBIT ANYHOW -- JUST OUTSIDE METROPOLIS... SO WITH A LITTLE SUPER-BREATH, IT WAS NO TROUBLE AT ALL TO FLY YOU HERE FROM THE CITY!
EXHIBIT OF FRONTIER TOWN 1869 COURTESY SUPERMAN
BLACKSMITH
VARIOUS CLUB MEMBERS PLAYED THE PARTS OF LOCAL PEOPLE! I SECRETLY PUSHED THAT PROP-TRAIN I MADE, TO SEND YOU OFF ON THAT UNION PACIFIC SCOOP! YOU WERE NEVER IN REAL DANGER, SINCE I SECRETLY FOLLOWED YOU ALL ALONG!
ERCHANDISE
EXHIBIT OF FRONTIER TOWN 1869 COURTESY SUPERMAN
"INSTEAD OF A LONG TRIP TO PROMONTORY POINT, YOU MERELY LEFT TOWN AND..."
WITH DUST IN HIS EYES, JIMMY DOESN'T KNOW HE'S STANDING STILL -- ON THAT TREADMILL UNDER THE HORSE AND BUGGY!


"YOU DIDN'T MOVE AN INCH, THOUGH THE SCENERY WAS CONSTANTLY FLASHING PAST YOU..."
JIMMY'S TOO TIRED FROM THAT BOUNCING RIDE TO REALIZE I'M ROLLING THIS SCENERY BACKDROP PAST HIS EYES ALL THE TIME! I'LL LET HIM STRIKE THE ROCK LATER TO WRECK THE BUGGY, THEN SEE IF HE CAN OVERCOME THAT DIFFICULTY!

"YOU DID, JIMMY, WITH YOUR HOME-MADE BIKE! THEN, AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT RIDE ON THE TREADMILL...
HE'S TOO TIRED AND BLEARY-EYED TO NOTICE THAT I MERELY PAINTED THE SCENE ON A CLIFF! A FEW MOVING PUPPETS GIVE THE ILLUSION OF REALITY! WILL HE THINK OF USING THAT BALLOON NEXT?

"YOU DID THINK OF THE BALLOON, JIMMY! AND WHEN YOU DOZED OFF AT TIMES, I BLEW IT IN CIRCLES OVER THESE FEW EXHIBIT ACRES! YOU WERE NEVER IN ANY DANGER OF A CRACK-UP!"
I'LL LOWER THE BASKET GENTLY FOR HIM!

THEN ... GULP! I SURE MADE A BIG FOOL OF MYSELF, RACING AGAINST TIME FOR A FAKE SCOOP! IT ALL PROVES I'M A POOR REPORTER, WHO FAILED TO GUESS THE TRUTH!
ON THE CONTRARY, JIMMY!

SECONDS LATER, BACK AT THE CLUB...
WELCOME, INK ACE OLSEN! BEING FOOLED BY SUPERMAN'S CLEVER ILLUSIONS WASN'T THE POINT! THE BIG THING WAS THAT YOU WON THROUGH AGAINST ALL DIFFICULTIES, FOLLOWING OUR MOTTO--"GET THE NEWS OR BUST!"
8

AND SO, WHEN CLARK KENT REJOINS THE PROUD JIMMY...
WHEN I FIRST BROUGHT YOU HERE, THE WHOLE PLAN WAS ALREADY ARRANGED BY SUPERMAN, TO BANISH ALL DOUBTS ABOUT YOUR ABILITY, JIMMY!
SUPER DUPER!
OUR YOUNGEST "OLD TIMER" JIMMY OLSEN, INK ACE, 1955!
THE END.

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Shorty
HENRY BOLTINOFF
WOW! ALL THESE PACKAGES.
OF ALL THINGS, HE MUST KNOW ME. HE WANTS TO SHAKE HANDS!
OH WELL....
H'LO, BILL!
END

POTHOLE of GOLD

Some Claimed the Fortune Lay Only in His Twisted Mind, But What About the Three Nuggets in His Pocket?

IN the days of the Old West, almost everyone was gripped by the gold fever. Even men who had no thought of going out to prospect dreamed of one day stumbling across a gold hoard. Because it happened from time to time, the philosophy seemed to be: "Well, it can happen to me."

This is a true story, although the real name of the man is unknown. Let's call him John Sloan.

Sloan was a Texas trader. One day, he and a number of other traders heard that the people in New Mexico were in need of goods of all kinds, and would be willing to pay high prices for almost any merchandise that would reach them.

The traders acquired a number of wagons, stocked them high with cloths, implements and other goods they knew to be scarce in the other territory. And then they set forth.

But, somewhere south of the Wichitas, while still in Texas, the lead wagon was brought to an abrupt halt. The cause of the trouble was spotted at once—a large band of Indians was sweeping out of the hills toward them.

The traders lost no time in making a corral of their wagons, and crouched down to await the coming attack.

Round and round the Indians rode, shooting their deadly arrows with amazing skill. But the traders were excellent marksmen themselves, and time after time the Indians were driven off.

At dusk, the acrid smell of gunfire filled the air. Here and there, the beleaguered traders could see the bodies of Indians they had shot down. But, in the calm between two Indian attacks, their count revealed that they themselves had suffered greater losses than the enemy.

By night, the attacks continued with increased ferocity. And by now, the traders were so thinned out in number that they decided to make a break for it.

The Indians, sensing victory, swooped down on the men, killing all but one—John Sloan.

Sloan saved his life by leaping into a pothole that lay concealed down a ravine. It was big enough to enable him to move around, and he decided to take his chances there, live or die.

When morning came, Sloan listened intently for a sound of movement. Hearing none, he ventured to peep out. The Indians had gone. So had the wagons that were in condition to be moved. The rest had been stripped.

Sloan was just about to crawl out of the pothole when he looked down at his feet

and gasped. Instead of the stones, gravel and sand he thought he had been sleeping on all night, he saw gold nuggets!

How far down did the nuggets go? He kept scratching deeper and deeper, and he reached water before coming to the bottom of the gold.

He was rich—fabulously rich. But he was also hungry and thirsty. Luckily, he had dug his way down to an underground trickle of water. This he greedily sopped up.

For days he lived in this manner, drinking water, and piling up a fantastic fortune in gold nuggets. Already, he had enough to make him a millionaire many times over.

But Sloan was wise enough to know he couldn't take it with him. In short, a fortune in gold nuggets would benefit only the living.

He knew there was an army fort many miles south. He could get food there.

Accordingly, he stuffed as many of the gold nuggets as he could carry in a bag, and after scouting to make sure the Indians had really left the area, he set forth.

After a mile or so, however, the pangs of hunger began to weaken him.

At one time, he spotted game nearby, and raised his rifle to bring it down. But, hungry as he was, he knew it would be suicide to shoot. Indians, hearing the shot, would swoop down on him in minutes.

The rifle seemed to weigh a ton. He searched around for a hiding place. Nearby, he spotted a wild plum thicket. Uttering a shout of glee, he rushed to it. Then, his heart sank—the fruit on it was green. Discouraged, he hid his rifle in the thick shrubbery, and continued his trek southward.

Sloan was familiar with the skill with which Indians could follow a trail. He couldn't take the chance of being tailed, so he moved in a twisting, circuitous path.

Meanwhile, the burden of his gold became harder and harder to bear.

It was an hour later that he realized he'd have to bury the greater part of his treasure. Finding a gopher hole near a tree, he dropped the bulk of the gold in it, and tramped down the earth over it. Only three nuggets remained in one of his pockets.

Weeks later, he staggered into the walls of the army fort, and lost consciousness at once.

For days he struggled for life, but eventually an army physician brought him back to health.

His health and strength back, Sloan could think only of the treasure he had buried—and the pothole of gold farther back that would make him a multi-millionaire. At the same time, he knew that his chances of retracing his steps were not good.

Months later, he began the search for his treasure. In vain did close friends try to dissuade him from the endless search. Some of them even began to doubt his whole story.

Sloan knew that all he had to do was find those wagon tracks. And he would have to find them before they were covered by shifting desert sands or other wagon wheels.

For years, he searched and searched.

He entered the area from the north, from the south, from the east. Indelibly stamped on in his brain was the topography of the area. He could picture clearly how the hills looked, and the ravines. But he could not catch up to the picture that lay in his mind.

The nuggets were lost forever.

Was John Sloan telling the truth? Perhaps the whole story was a figment of his disordered imagination, brought on by the Indian attack!

Not likely. For John Sloan had one proof that his story was true—the three gold nuggets he still owned when he died.

SUPERMAN'S PAL JIMMY OLSEN

ARE YOU A MARBLE CHAMP? DO YOU RECALL ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF GREAT SHOTS WITH YOUR FAVORITE AGGIE? THE THRILL OF WINNING MATCHES WITH YOUR LUCKY MIB? BUT PERHAPS YOU'VE ALSO SUFFERED THE BLOW OF DEFEAT IN THE CRUCIAL FINALS! WELL, THEN, YOU'LL SYMPATHIZE WITH JIMMY OLSEN, WHO MUST BATTLE AGAINST TRICKERY AS WELL AS SKILL, TO BECOME...

THE KING OF MARBLES

AT THE DAILY PLANET ONE DAY, MANAGING EDITOR PERRY WHITE CALLS IN HIS STAFF FOR SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS...

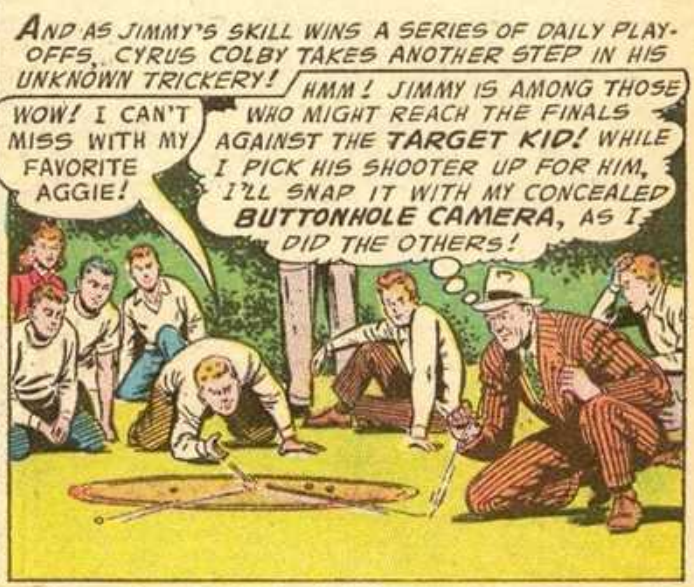
ANY HEALTHY COMPETITIVE EVENT LIKE THIS FOR YOUNGSTERS IS IMPORTANT SPORT NEWS! WE'LL PLAY IT UP JUST LIKE MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL!
DAILY PLANET
METROPOLIS MARBLE MATCHES NEXT WEEK SUPERMAN TO JUDGE FINAL AND PICK MARBLE SHOOTING CHAMP

THIS IS THE CUP SUPERMAN WILL AWARD THE BOY WHO WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
I HEARTILY SPONSOR ANYTHING THAT BENEFITS JUVENILES!
METROPOLIS MARBLE CHAMP 1955

ONE MORE THING! THE BOY ENTRY WHO WAS TO REPRESENT THE MIB MASTERS BRAND OF MARBLES FELL SICK! THEY NEED A NEW SUBSTITUTE QUICKLY. ANY SUGGESTIONS?
HOW ABOUT ME, BOSS? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I USED TO BE THE "AGGIE CHAMP" IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD!
BUT AS JIMMY OLSEN, CUB REPORTER, ATTEMPTS TO SHOW A SKILL OF EARLIER YEARS...
ER... GUESS I'M A BIT RUSTY!
DID YOU SAY AGGIE CHAMP, JIMMY--OR CHUMP? BUT TRY AGAIN!
SEE? WITH PRACTICE, MY OLD STYLE WILL COME BACK!
OKAY, JIMMY! WEAR THEIR SWEATER AND I'LL ENTER YOU OFFICIALLY! TAKE AFTERNOONS OFF FOR THE PLAY-OFFS! UNFORTUNATELY, WITH YOUR FIRST PLAY-OFF TODAY, YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR PRACTICE! GET GOING NOW!
MIB MASTERS
PRESENTLY, AFTER TRYING OUT HIS SKILL AT THE NEARBY PARK...
GOSH, I'M MISSING TOO MANY SHOTS! WITH MY FIRST MATCH COMING UP IN ONE HOUR, I MAY BE ELIMINATED IN THE FIRST ROUND--UNLESS I IMPROVE MIRACULOUSLY!
MIB MASTERS
BUT SEEING JIMMY'S DILEMMA WITH TELESCOPIC VISION, CLARK KENT SEEKS SECLUSION FOR A SWIFT CHANGE TO SUPERMAN!
JIMMY IS UNFAIRLY HANDICAPPED! HE'LL BE UP AGAINST KID EXPERTS WHO HAVE PRACTICED FOR WEEKS! I'LL TRY TO GIVE HIM A FAIR CHANCE!
IN THE NEXT HOUR, JIMMY FINDS SUPERMAN A SUPER-FRIEND INDEED!
I'LL PICK THEM UP AND KEEP THEM COMING BACK AS FAST AS YOU CAN SHOOT, JIMMY!
THANKS, SUPERMAN! THAT SPEEDS IT ALL UP FOR ME, SO I CAN CRAM A LOT OF PRACTICE INTO A SHORT TIME!
MIB MASTERS

THUS, AT JIMMY'S FIRST PLAYOFF IN THE ELIMINATION ROUNDS...
AH! I GOT THE OLD FEEL BACK--THANKS TO MY PRACTICE SESSION WITH SUPERMAN!
JIMMY OLSEN WINS, FOR MIB MASTERS! BUT HE MUST WIN DAILY FOR TWO WEEKS, TO ENTER THE FINALS!
I'LL KEEP WINNING, WITH THIS LUCKY AGGIE! I'LL USE IT FROM NOW ON, EXCLUSIVELY! BUT LET'S WATCH SOME OF THE OTHER PLAYOFFS-- IT ALWAYS PAYS TO KNOW HOW GOOD YOUR COMPETITION IS!
GOOD IDEA, JIMMY!
ONE PLAYOFF REACHES AN EXCITING CLIMAX...
GEE, I--I LOST! BUT I THOUGHT I AIMED PERFECTLY!
TOO BAD, SON! BUT MY TARGET KID ALWAYS WINS! HE CAN'T LOSE-- NO SIR-- NOT WITH TARGET MARBLES-- THE BEST ONES EVER MADE!
MIB MASTE
TARGET KID
HI, SUPERMAN! I'M CYRUS COLBY, SPONSOR AND PROMOTER OF TARGET BRAND MARBLES! YOU CAN POLISH UP THAT MARBLE CUP FOR MY CHAMP! HE WINS ALL MARBLE CONTESTS IN A BREEZE, SEE?
CYRUS COLBY SEEMS UTTERLY CONFIDENT, BUT THE BOY CHAMPION HE SPONSORS DOESN'T SEEM SO SURE. HMM... THAT'S ODD!
GOSH, I WAS NEVER THIS GOOD BEFORE YOU FOUND ME, MR. COLBY! WHY DO I ALWAYS WIN?
MIB MASTE
WHY? I'LL TELL YOU WHY! BECAUSE MY TARGET MARBLES ARE SO PERFECTLY MADE THAT THEY MAKE ANY BOY A CHAMP! WITH TARGET MARBLES, YOU NEVER HAVE BAD LUCK AND MISS!
HIT THE TARGET WITH TARGETS
3

AND I SAW TO IT THAT "BAD LUCK" ALWAYS STRUCK THE TARGET KID'S OPPONENTS! YET MY METHOD IS SO CLEVER, EVEN SUPERMAN WON'T SUSPECT. NOT EVEN WHEN WE WIN THE MARBLE CUP! HA, HA!
MIB MASTERS
WHAT'S THIS? IS JIMMY UP AGAINST SOME SECRET SCHEME OF THE PUBLICITY AGENT?


AND AS JIMMY'S SKILL WINS A SERIES OF DAILY PLAY-OFFS, CYRUS COLBY TAKES ANOTHER STEP IN HIS UNKNOWN TRICKERY!
WOW! I CAN'T MISS WITH MY FAVORITE AGGIE!
HMM! JIMMY IS AMONG THOSE WHO MIGHT REACH THE FINALS AGAINST THE TARGET KID! WHILE I PICK HIS SHOOTER UP FOR HIM, I'LL SNAP IT WITH MY CONCEALED BUTTONHOLE CAMERA, AS I DID THE OTHERS!

FINALLY, AT THE DAILY PLANET ONE DAY...
"METROPOLIS MARBLE MATCH FINALS TOMORROW--JIMMY OLSEN VERSUS THE TARGET KID!" GOOD WORK, JIMMY... YI-I-I-I-I!

GOLLY! I--I WAS JUST KEEPING IN PRACTICE FOR THE BIG MATCH TOMORROW! ARE YOU HURT, CHIEF?
NOTHING EXCEPT MY, ER... DIGNITY! JUST WIN TOMORROW AND ALL IS FORGIVEN, JIMMY! AND DON'T CALL ME CHIEF!

THE NEXT DAY, AS THE TWO FINALISTS TAKE THEIR LAST PRACTICE...
OH, JIMMY--MIND IF I TAKE PUBLICITY PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITE AGGIE? IF YOU WIN, I'LL GIVE YOUR BRAND A PLUG, TOO, AS WELL AS MY OWN!
THAT'S A FAIR DEAL, MR. COLBY!
TARGET KID
MIB MASTERS

BUT UNSUSPICIOUS JIMMY DOES NOT SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!
NOW TO PALM HIS AGGIE AND SUBSTITUTE THIS EXACT DUPLICATE I MATCHED UP, GUIDED BY THE SECRET SNAP-SHOT I TOOK BEFORE! OLSEN WON'T KNOW HE'S GOT A DIFFERENT AGGIE WITH WHICH HE'S SURE TO LOSE! HA, HA!
MIB MASTER OF JIMMY OLSEN
4

HOWEVER, BEFORE THE TWO BOY CHAMPIONS PERFORM, SUPERMAN IS PREVAILED UPON TO GIVE A GUEST EXHIBITION ON THE ART OF MARBLE-SHOOTING...
WOW- LOOK!
FIRST, A BIT OF SUPER-SPEED FOR A MULTIPLE SHOT WITH MARBLES!
SUPERMAN SHOOTS THEM LIKE A MACHINE-GUN AND NEVER MISSES, EVEN AT A LONG DISTANCE!
THIS SUPER-HARD MARBLE I MADE RIPS THROUGH A HEAVY STEEL PLATE LIKE CHEESE-- TO HIT THE MARBLE ON THE OTHER SIDE!
YAYYYY
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE! MY TELESCOPIC VISION SHOWS SOME SPECIAL "MARBLES" I WANT NEXT-- JUST A FEW THOUSAND MILES OUT IN SPACE!
NAMELY, THESE ROUND METEORS!
SHORTLY AFTER, BACK ON EARTH, SUPERMAN PLAYS SUPER MARBLES!
I CALL THIS "METEOR MARBLES"! MY METEOR MIB WILL BOUNCE AND KNOCK THEM ALL OUT OF THE RING!
WHEEE! SUPERMAN SHOOTS A BIG METEOR LIKE WE SHOOT SMALL MIBS!

FINALLY... FOR MY LAST TRICK, I NEED TWO ORDINARY MARBLES, JIMMY...
HERE, USE THESE, SUPERMAN!
I CAN CASH IN ON THE PUBLICITY LATER--THAT SUPERMAN USED MY BRAND, TARGET MARBLES!
WAIT--BY MISTAKE, I GAVE HIM MARBLES FROM THE WRONG POCKET! THEY'RE THE DOCTORED ONES I HAD READY, IN CASE SOME OTHER KID WENT INTO THE FINALS INSTEAD OF JIMMY! OH, WELL, MY SECRET IS STILL SAFE!
NOW I'LL TOSS ONE MARBLE INTO THE AIR AND SPLIT IT WITH MY SHOOTER BEFORE IT FALLS TO EARTH!
USING HIS MICROSCOPIC VISION FOR HAIR-LINE ACCURACY, SUPERMAN IS PUZZLED TO OBSERVE...
HMM... WHAT'S THAT TINY BEAD OF METAL INSIDE THE MARBLE? DOES CYRUS COLBY PUT ONE INSIDE EVERY TARGET MARBLE FOR BETTER "BALANCE"--OR IS IT THERE FOR SOME OTHER PURPOSE???

WHILE SUPERMAN PONDERS OVER THIS BAFFLING MYSTERY, THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH BEGINS...
AT FIRST, WHEN I MISSED A COUPLE OF SHOTS, I THOUGHT MY AGGIE FELT A LITTLE DIFFERENT SOMEHOW! BUT I GUESS IT WAS JUST IMAGINATION! I'VE STEADIED DOWN TO GOOD SHOOTING NOW!
BOTH CONTESTANTS PLAY THEIR BEST, AND EXCITEMENT REACHES A FEVER PITCH WHEN THE SCOREBOARD SHOWS...
TIE SCORE TO THE LAST ROUND! FINAL, LONG-RANGE SHOOTING EVENT COMING UP! THE TARGET KID IS FIRST!
JIMMY OLSEN 56
TARGE KID 56
THE TARGET KID GOT 9 OUT OF 12! JIMMY OLSEN WILL NEED 10 OUT OF 12 TO WIN!
FOUR MISSES WOULD LOSE FOR ME! BUT I'M NOT A BIT NERVOUS! I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING TO DO THE BEST SHOOTING OF MY LIFE!

BUT AT THE VERY FIRST SHOT...
TOO BAD, JIMMY--A MISS!
JEEPERS! BUT--I'M POSITIVE I AIMED PERFECTLY! WELL, ONE MISS DOESN'T KILL MY CHANCES!
BUT A SECOND MISS FOLLOWS, AND JIMMY FACES A CRISIS!
YIPES! HAVE I GOT THE JITTERS? OR AM I JINXED?
HMM... JIMMY'S AGGIE ACTUALLY CURVED AWAY! JUST A TINY BIT, BUT ENOUGH TO MAKE IT MISS DESPITE HIS PERFECT AIM! HMM... NOW IT ALL ADDS UP...

I'LL CHECK UNDERGROUND WITH X-RAY VISION -- AH, I THOUGHT SO! A BURIED ELECTRO-MAGNET, OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL! I'LL MELT IT WITH AN INTENSE BEAM OF MY X-RAY VISION, GIVING JIMMY A CHANCE TO WIN IF HE CAN MAKE 10 PERFECT SHOTS!
GOOD BOY! HE RALLIED!
SUPER DUPER! MY "JINX" IS OVER! ANOTHER MISS WOULD GIVE ME ONLY A FINAL TIE... SO I'M JUST NOT GOING TO MISS, THAT'S ALL!
JIMMY PROVES HE IS NOT JUST BOASTING...
TEN PERFECT SHOTS! THE WINNER--JIMMY OLSEN!
YAYYYYY
YAY-Y-Y-Y! WHE-E-E! WHAT A REAL CHAMP!
MIB MASTERS
--BUT--BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE THAT JIMMY WON!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THOUGHT, CYRUS COLBY--WITH THAT SECRET MAGNET YOU BURIED THERE, TO MAKE JIMMY MISS! AND HERE'S THE ELECTRONIC PUSHBUTTON WHICH YOU USED TO TURN IT ON WHENEVER JIMMY SHOT!
YOU PREVIOUSLY PALMED OFF THIS DOCTORED AGGIE ON JIMMY--WITH A TINY BEAD OF IRON PLACED INSIDE THROUGH A FINELY DRILLED HOLE! THEN YOU MELTED IT SHUT!
TO MAKE JIMMY MISS, YOU SIMPLY TURNED ON THE MAGNET BRIEFLY! MAGNETIC FORCE ACTED ON THE IRON BEAD, PULLING THE AGGIE OUT OF LINE!
YOU--YOU MEAN HE...(GULP)... HE CHEATED TO MAKE ME WIN ALL THE TIME? BUT I--I DIDN'T KNOW, SUPERMAN!
OF COURSE NOT, YOU'RE INNOCENT! COLBY COULD HAVE DUPED ANY OTHER BOY AS WELL! AND HE HAD NO REAL INTEREST IN MAKING YOU A MARBLE CHAMP!

HIS SCHEME WAS TO GAIN PUBLICITY FOR TARGET MARBLES, SURE "WINNERS"--THEN, SELL THEM TO KIDS AT FANCY PRICES! WELL, IT'S JAIL FOR HIM NOW!

WHEN SUPERMAN RETURNS FOR A FINAL CEREMONY...

YOU JUST WON THE MARBLE CUP! LOOK HAPPIER, JIMMY!

HOW CAN I? THAT POOR KID IS HEARTBROKEN AT THE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS DUPED INTO BEING A CHUMP--NOT A CHAMP!

TARGET KID

BUT SUPERMAN HAS A SOLUTION FOR THAT, TOO, FLYING THE BOY HOME...

IN CYRUS COLBY'S CONFESSION, HE STATED HE ONLY NEEDED THE MAGNET IN A FEW KEY MATCHES, ACTUALLY! THE REST OF THE TIME YOU WON WITH YOUR OWN SKILL--A TOTAL OF NINETEEN MATCHES!

OH, BOY! THEN THAT STILL MAKES ME A CHAMP, ALMOST AS GOOD AS JIMMY! I CAN WIN OTHER MATCHES ON MY OWN!

FINALLY, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, JIMMY... GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST... NOT AGAIN?

DAILY PLANET

JIMMY OLSEN METROPOLIS MARBLE CHAMP

THE MATCH IS OVER! WHY ARE YOU STILL PLAYING WITH MARBLES? IF I SEE ONE MORE MARBLE IN THIS PLACE, YOU'RE FIRED!

ER... I'D BETTER WAIT TILL HE COOLS OFF BEFORE I TRY TO EXPLAIN I JUST ACCIDENTALLY SPILLED THESE OUT OF THIS GIFT BOTTLE!

THANKS TO JIMMY--CHAMP OLSEN FROM THE MID MA

CANDY SOUR BALLS

THE END.

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ADVERTISEMENT

FEARLESS FOSDICK by AL CAPP

GANGWAY, FOSDICK!! WE'RE BUSTIN' OUT!!

PHOTOGRAPHERS WILL SOON BE HERE!! I MUST LOOK MY BEST!!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

YOU'RE BACK?

NATCHERLY!!--YOU GOT WHAT WE BUSTED OUT FOR!! AMERICA'S FAVORITE HAIR-TONIC, WILDROOT CREAM-OIL--WHICH KEEPS HAIR NEAT AN' NATURAL--

ALSO REMOVES LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF, AND CONTAINS LANOLIN!!--GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!!

BUT DAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL!! MY NAME IS 741!!

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Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

Age_____ Dress Size_____

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CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP ENSEMBLE 20 large deluxe sheets all 20"x30"—gay Christmas colors with matching seals and tags

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—Charles Atlas

GIVE me a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN—IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY

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What to Do About It is told in my free book!

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Atlas Championship Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils.

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